

Letters From Happyland Readers

(Continued From Page Five)
A Surprise.

Dear Happy! There once was a little boy and girl. They had just gone to bed and it was on a Christmas night. They were both sad, because their father who was a rich man, said Santa Clause would not come tonight.

Betty said "Billy, are you asleep?" "No," answered Billy. "Let us pray to God that Santa Clause will come," said Betty. "All right, let us do," said Billy.

So Betty knelt down and prayed. "Dear Jesus, let Santa Clause come to our house and bring me a big doll, a sewing box, a new ribbon, and a doll cradle. Amen." Then Billy knelt and prayed for a sled, a red cap and scarf, a pocket knife and a set of tools.

Meanwhile their father thought, "Oh, heavens, I was hasty to my darlings. I will go up and kiss them good night." He went upstairs and looked into their room just in time to see them praying for Santa to come.

He then thought, "I will be Santa Clause and get the things they wished for." So the millionaire faced the storm and bought a Christmas tree and the presents they wished for and many other things.

He then went home and decorated the tree and fixed the presents under it. In the morning the children came down. When they saw the tree and presents they ran and hugged their father and then began unwrapping the presents, and Billy said, "Here is the tools I wanted," and Betty said, "Here is the doll I wanted." So they had a happy Christmas. Your little Go-Hawk—Grace Flint, North Platte, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am a member of the "Bluebird club" at Des Moines. I am 12 years old and will be in the seventh grade when school starts. I have a brother 9 years old who is also a Bluebird and I hope will be a Go-Hawk.

I will try hard to live up to the Go-Hawk pledge.—Ida Winchell, Age 12; 629 Odell Street; Webster City, Ia.

A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happyland! May I join your happy corner? I hope I may. I am in the sixth grade at school, and I am 10 years old.

I wrote once before about two years ago. My teacher's name is Miss Johnson. I like her very much. I have a twin sister and two brothers. One is 4 years old and one is 2 years old.

Well as my letter is getting long I will close.—Margaret Monk, Dixon, Neb.

That Fern Nicholas of Parkersburg, Ill., always looks at "Polly's Cook Book" first on the Happyland page and is cutting out and trying the recipes.

A Go-Hawk.

An old lady was walking down the street. The rain was pouring down. She had an umbrella, but it was difficult for her to hold it up for her hands were full of parcels. A bright faced boy ran up to her and said, "Please, ma'am, please I want to tie up your parcels." So he took out some strings and tied the parcels together, and politely handed them back to her. "Thank you, polite stranger," she said. "That is all right. I like to help people and be a good Go-Hawk."—Hilda Harns, age 10, Columbus, Neb.

Reads Happyland.

Dear Happy: I'd like to join your band very much. I am 10 years old and in the Seventh grade. I have one brother named Robert and no sisters. I read the Happyland page every Monday. I am sending a two-cent stamp. Please send me my button.—Irene Snyder, age 10, Waco, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: This is my third letter to you. I will promise to be kind to all pets. I have one dog, three cats, five pigeons and I have a swing. I can swing off of a big box.—Abbie Sarnins, age 10.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy—I have read many of your letters. And would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am 9 years old and am in the Fourth grade. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for the button. I would like to hear from some of the Go-Hawks.—Ella Mae Clausen, Ohiowa, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I am 7 years old and will be in the third grade next year. I have a little sister. Her name is Louise. I will try my best to keep the pledge. Please send me one.—Betty Turner, Valley, Neb.

Darling Mother.

Who takes care of you when you are ill in bed?
Who comforts you when you are teased by brother Ted?
Who plays with you when others won't,
And to your childish fancies, does she say don't?
When you are naughty and sent to your room,
Who comes to see you so very soon;
To bring you sweets, when you repent
And from whom were your first presents sent?
Who mends your clothing and your socks
And stands up for you when your schoolmate mocks;
Who hangs your stockings on Christmas Eve,
Who for your troubles does comfort and grieve?
Who loves you best of anyone
Who talks to you when chores are done
Why—was there ever such another
As you darling mother?
—Barbara Agee, Age 13, 535 East Military avenue, Fremont, Neb.

Blair Carpenter of Wayne, Neb., works in a drug store after school, and so keeps pretty busy.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old. My birthday is October 7. I will be in the fifth grade this term of school. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my button. I would like to join the Happy Tribe. I have five dolls and one doll carriage. I have one sleeping Goll. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write me a letter. As my letter is getting long I must close. Write soon.—Adeline Smith, Age, 9, Box 242, Geneva, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for which send me a Go-Hawk pin. I will be 10 the 8th of November. I go to Central Park school. I am in the fifth A. I will close for this time.—Alice Thall, 4029 Browne, Omaha, Neb.

The witch cat wears its mystic ring, The black cat spreads its gruesome wing, Hobgoblins weirdly chant and sing On Hallowe'en.

A Kind Deed.

Dear Happy—Once upon a time there lived a man. He was cruel. With him lived a little dog. One day the man took the dog and put him in a field. A boy found the dog and took him home. The boy's sister was a Go-Hawk so she took the dog and fed him with bread and milk. One day he got wet. She wrapped him up, and from that day the dog was very happy.—Elizabeth Kuceca, age 9, Milligan, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: I am a girl 13 years old and I like to read Happyland. I have decided to join your happy tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and the membership coupon. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals.—Dorris Pinkerton, Tryon, Neb.

"This is the night o' Hallowe'en,
When a' the witchie may be seen;
Some o' them black and some o' them green,
Some o' them like a turkey bean."
Kind Deloris.
Dear Happy: I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a Go-Hawk button. I am 10 years old. I am in the sixth grade. A little bird fell out of a nest. I climbed up the tree and put the bird back in its nest.—Deloris Wilson, Aged 10, 502 South Third Street, Norfolk, Neb.

A Wyoming Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I want to be a Go-Hawk. I am 6 years old. I go to school and Sunday school, and like them. Will be kind to all animals and birds.—Russell Armstrong, 1227 West Thirtieth Street, Casper, Wyo.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending you the coupon and the 2-cent stamp. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My friend Gerald is going to join. Well I must close.—James Robert Clausen, Age 11, Aurora, Neb.

Come around on Nutcrack night,
Dressed from top to toe in white.



OLD WITCH.

By HAPPY.

Old witch! I wonder where you hide
All through the year, till time to ride
Your broomstick steed? You're only seen
When hobblins come on Hallowe'en.

Perhaps you live behind the sky,
And that's what makes you hurry by;
It must be fun to ride the air—
Among the clouds, no one knows where.

Tonight, dear witch, if you ask me
To ride with you—then you shall see
How fast I'll come—oh, please will you
Take me to ride your broomstick, too?



NUTS TO CRACK

BY BILLY SQUIRREL

Here is a Hallowe'en contest for you. In these mixed names you will find a number of things you often see at a Hallowe'en party. Arrange the letters in their proper order and see what you will find.

| | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| 1—Chitwe | 6—Yfaft |
| 2—Soghat | 7—Salpep |
| 3—Ayfo tarletis | 8—Royb |
| 4—Suntecha | 9—Silgobn |
| 5—Oprocpn | |

What was the first bet ever made?
Answer—The alphabet.

Why is cold cream like a good chaperone?
Answer—Because it keeps off the chaps.

Why do little birds in their nests agree?
Answer—Because if they didn't they would fall out.

Which of your relatives are dependent on you for a living?
Answer—Your uncles, aunts and cousins, for without U (you) they could not exist.

Where would you send a man to get an appetite?
Answer—To Hungary.

What question must you always answer "Yes"?
Answer—What does Y-E-S spell?

Catherine Jones of Elizabeth, N. J., is only 5 years old so her mother reads Happyland to her every week.

In Field and Forest.

How often have you heard, "Go to bed with the birds and get up with the chicken." That is because the birds want to go to bed as soon as it is dark. It seems strange, then, that so many of them like to start on their journey south in the night. They will fly all night and rest all day and keep this up until they reach their winter home, often thousands of miles away.

The wrens, the thrushes and other timid birds that live in the woods are the ones choosing to fly at night, while the bold birds with strong wings do not mind being seen and will fly by daylight. They will fly very high and go faster than a railroad train.

In the spring back they will come. I often wonder how they find their way. It is said they have regular roads that follow the rivers and shore lines, for they are all able to see the water even by night. How wise they are, for they know enough to rest a day or two along the way and thus break their long journey. Follow them with loving thoughts, for more and more you are learning what really good friends the birds are to us. Good-bye until next Sunday.
UNCLE JOHN.

The Go-Hawks.

"Yes, Marjorie, I do think you should do something about it. Only yesterday I saw several boys and girls standing on the sidewalk near the park. Each of them had a slingshot in their hands and they were really fighting about who had killed the most birds." The speaker was Helen Harding. Marjorie Burton, a close friend, was very thoughtful.

For several weeks the boys and girls of the town had been killing birds. Helen and Marjorie were the only girls in town who did not like to kill the birds.

Suddenly Helen turned about and saw her father coming up the path. In his hand he held some papers, "Hello girls," he said, "Why all the sober faces?"

The girls said nothing, but Helen blushed nervously. Her father handed her a paper. "Here is a little club paper for children. I subscribed for the Sunday Bee and this part is for you," he said. Marjorie and Helen sat down on the porch swing and began to look the paper over. "Why, Helen," exclaimed Marjorie, "this is just the kind of club those girls and boys should belong to. Let's organize it in this town." A few days later the two girls were the proud possessors of a pretty Go-Hawk pin for each. They immediately set to work to organize a club in that town. A few weeks later every boy and girl in town had thrown away their slingshots and now each wears a pretty red pin, with the words "I'm a Go-Hawk—the Happy Tribe," on it.

The club was a good thing for those children because it taught them to protect instead of molest all birds and dumb animals.—Ellen Nelson, Age 12, Wolfach, Neb.

Poor Old Jack.

Dear Happy: I thank you very much for my pin. I wear it when ever my sister is not wearing it. The boys tease me about it. We have a cat that we call Professor Whitefoot. He'll catch rats, moles and mice. One night my father and mother watched him catch a mole. We had a pet dog that we called Jack. He'd run down rats and then catch them, but he got so old he died and we missed him very much.—Rex Holtgrewe, Daykin, Neb.

Glenn Smith of Kansas City, Mo., is a boy scout, but also wishes to be a Go-Hawk.

A Picnic.

Dear Go-Hawks: I am writing you a letter to tell you where we went one Sunday in vacation. We packed our baskets and went down to Oakland to the park. When we got there we went over to the swimming pool and watched the people swim. About half past four a bunch of us went in swimming. We had a good time in the water. We stayed in till 6 o'clock, when we got out and ate our supper.—Helen Hensel, West Point, Neb.

Virginia Allen of Shreveport, Ia., has a scrapbook of Happyland and looks over it almost every day.

Helen's Letter.

Helen finished the letter she was writing and put it into the envelope. Then having some of her work to do, she told her brother to take it to the postoffice a mile away. Jim, her brother, went slowly, on his way, when suddenly he saw a beautiful butterfly flitting by.

The letter and everything else was forgotten as Jim tried to catch the butterfly. He dropped the letter and it was carried several miles by the wind. At last it knocked against a box and settled down. Here it remained for nearly two weeks, when a dog tipped over the box and a wind again picked up the letter. This time it was carried only a short way, being dropped into a small barrel. Now it happened that a bird was looking for something with which to build a nest. The bird spied the letter in the barrel. "That is just the thing I want," it said, taking the letter in its bill and flying away until it reached a tree in which was a part of the nest. Fall came and the birds all flew to the south.

One day Helen chanced to see a nest with something white in it. She took the nest down and looked to see what it was and found it to be the letter she had sent away. She then knew why it was that her friend had not answered her letter.—Mary Brasch, age 11; 3527 Madison street, Omaha, Neb.

George Henry Low of Boothblay Harbor, Me., likes "Peter's Workshop" very much and makes things from it.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawk Tribe. I am 8 years old and in the third B. I am sending a stamp. I like to read your page.—Edith Phillips, 1199 West Koenig Street, Grand Island, Neb.

That Rita D'Entremesot of Stoneham, Mass., and some of her friends often give one of the Fairy Grotto plays they find in Happyland.

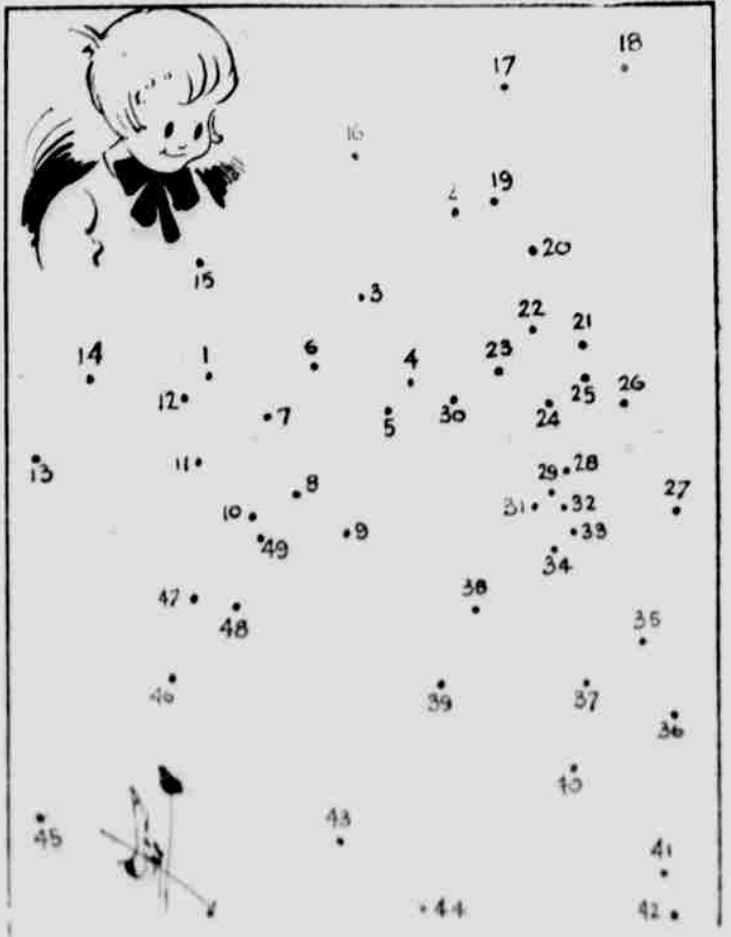
BITS OF INFORMATION.

The Carnegie institute magnetic observatory at Watherloom, Western Australia, is the only one completely equipped in the southern hemisphere of investigations relating to the earth's magnetism, atmospheric electricity and the earth's electric currents.

Old rags are used in the form of roll roofings and prepared shingles for house-tops. After the rags are reduced to a pulp, which makes a raw, coarse fabric of long fiber and great durability, hot asphalt is poured and pressed into every opening and pore. Then the material is covered on both sides with asphalt and crushed slate.

An inventor in Japan has produced a remarkable paper, strong in texture and capable of being crumpled up and washed with soap and water. Owing to its durability, it is used for the covering of umbrellas and when soiled, taken off and washed. As a wrapping paper it can be used again and again, being washed as often as necessary.

Dot Puzzle



Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots, beginning with one and following that number.

